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NEW YORK MERCURY

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK

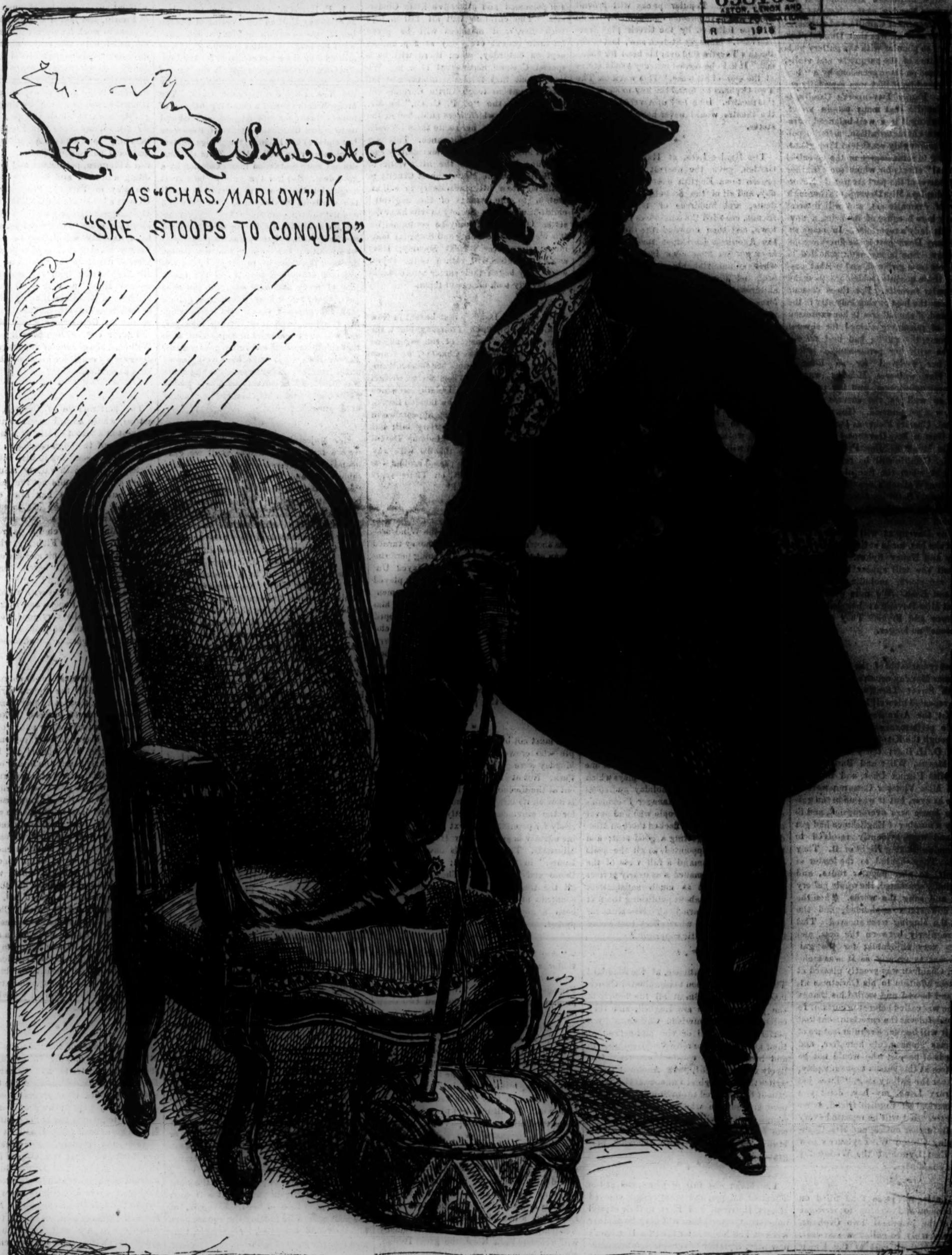
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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.



Two large audiences assembled in the Fifth Avenue Monday, at the day and evening performances of Camille, and a remarkable feature of it all was that Dumas' play, though not so popular with the gallery gods as the habitus of the parquette and stalls, was witnessed on these occasions by a "top-heavy" assemblage that was especially enthusiastic. Fanny Davenport's Camille is not the Camille that many people prefer. To our thinking it is a well-balanced, carefully drawn characterization, artistic, polished and thoroughly consistent throughout, but lacking to some degree in the so-called "emotional" effects for which some familiar representatives of the part are noted. Nevertheless it displays Miss Davenport's thorough mastery of dramatic art, and will interest everybody here because of its being a novelty in this lady's repertoire. In many respects Fanny Davenport is the finest actress on our stage. She is magnetic, schooled in her business from girlhood, and withal possessed of those qualities which go to make up a popular favorite. For three seasons she has been the best paying lady star in the country, and, if she adheres to her expressed intention of remaining abroad for several years to come, the public had best refresh themselves with her performances before bidding her farewell for so long a period. Her welcome Monday was of the warmest description, and her personal success, as well as the success of her company, was pronounced. George Clarke as Armand, Charles Fisher as Duval, Harry Hawk as Guston, May Davenport as Nadine, and Minnie Monk as Mme. Prudence, were all capital. Camille will be repeated until Friday night, when the School for Scandal—anticipating Wallack's opening one night—will be done. Saturday afternoon Camille again, and Saturday night the grand double bill, London Assurance and Oliver Twist, in which Miss Davenport will appear in the parts that she has made entirely her own—Lady Gay and Nancy Sykes. During her engagement she will appear in her entire brilliant repertoire, including Imogene, Rosalind and Leah. We note with gratification that Miss Davenport has shelved forever Divorce and Pique. They are "contemporaneous" no longer.

The most remarkable of the performances on Christmas Monday occurred at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, where F. S. Chanfrau repeated his well known impersonation of Kit, the Arkansas Traveler. The remarkable performance was not upon the stage, although the Kit of Mr. Chanfrau; the Mamm of O. H. Barr; the Fudge and the Major of Mowers. Willis and Barfoot; the Ains of Miss Regina Duce, and the Mrs. Temple of Miss Victoria Cameron were as acceptable as ever, but it was up in the gallery. The house was overcrowded, and in the gallery a number of Englishmen had got together and were evidently resolved to make a London Boxing Night of it. They succeeded. They shouted to the leader of the orchestra to play popular tunes, and when he kindly consented, the whole gallery joined in and sang the words. Then the audience downstairs applauded, and the music and the singing were encored. This occurred regularly between the acts, and was really very enjoyable; for the gallery crowd was as orderly as it was melodious. Mr. Chanfrau was greatly pleased at this volunteer addition to his Christmas attractions, and bowed and smiled his thanks whenever he was called before the curtain. In fact, so successful was the entertainment that we predict it will become a regular feature of our Christmas amusements hereafter, and that hundreds of people, who would not go to the theatres at this season to see any play, will go to hear the gallery sing. "Twas just like old Drury Lane, my boy, don't you know?" remarked an English friend, as we left the theatre. Kit will be repeated every evening until further notice, and Mrs. Chanfrau will play Clifton W. Taylor's new version of East Lynne at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Theatre was more than filled on Christmas and evening to welcome the perennial Two Orphans, which will be called a star cast. The original cast at the Union Square, Manager Stetson has selected, as Louise; Marie Williams, as Ida Vernon, as Sister; John O'Neill, as Pierre, and John Danner, as Charles.

Thorne, the original Chevalier, is represented by his brother, Edwin Thorne, Manager Stetson's special engagements for the other parts are equally strong, and include Henrietta Vaders, as Henrietta; Jessie Bachelder, as Marianne; and H. B. Phillips as the Count. The only blot upon the cast, in our opinion, was the Marquis of Walter Eyttinge. With this exception, the performance was as finished and effective as if it had been rehearsed a hundred times. The scenery, without being extravagant, was quite satisfactory. The audience were more than delighted. They cried and laughed at the experienced performers pleased. It is a great pity that such a representation of this always popular melodrama can be continued for only this single week; but next Monday the long-announced engagement of Mary Anderson will begin. She will open as Juliet, and repeat that character until the Saturday matinee, when she appears, for the first time here, as Galatea, and on Saturday night as Julia in The Hunchback. Popular prices will prevail during Miss Anderson's engagement; which will be followed by the Greek play from Harvard. Manager Stetson saw, last week, Booth's Theatre sold over his head for \$550,000. It is to be turned into dry goods stores at the end of his lease. This week in The Two Orphans he found the key to success at this theatre. If he had discovered it before, the theatre would never have been told for stores.

The Hanlon-Lees, at Haverly's Niblo's Garden, gave the nearest New York approach to an English pantomime, on Monday, and all of the first-class English residents, and hundreds of their American friends, crowded the omnibus going downtown, and then crowded the theatre, until the American Christmas turkey could not have got its long neck inside the house, where an unmistakable atmosphere of roast beef and plum pudding prevailed. The children—bless them!—were present in great force, and the shouts of laughter and applause when the Hanlon-Lees tumbled over with their stage couch and asked: "Have we arrived?"—which is the modern version of "He we are again!"—seemed as if they would never cease. Nowhere was the evening jollier than with the Hanlon-Lees. The fun and tricks and laughter were incessant, and the vast audience, dismasted at an early hour, went home perfectly satisfied and anxious to come again. This they may do for this week only; for the inimitable J. K. Emmet will take his Fritz in Ireland down to Niblo's next Monday, and then there will be another great crowd to see and hear this very popular favorite. It is evident that Emmet could play an entire season in New York by simply shifting about to the different theatres.

Of course, everybody knew that Lights o' London, at the Union Square, would be the very place for the holidays, and everybody was quite right this time. All the seats were sold before the doors opened, and Manager Palmer had to again enforce his rule of selling only a limited number of standing-room tickets. Next Tuesday—as the Lights o' London are clearly lit for the season—he will resume his series of extra matinees, commencing with Miss Clara Morris in the New Magdalen, supported by principal members of the celebrated Union Square company, which is strong enough to keep two or three theatres full simultaneously.

Esmeralda, at the Madison Square, is one of those sweet, pleasant, homely plays which are just as enjoyable by holiday audiences as by the habitus of Manager Frohman's elegant little house. People who had never seen Esmeralda before docked there on Monday in the hope of getting a good seat; and they were not disappointed, as all the seats are good and command a full view of the stage. The performance is as nearly perfect as ever, and gave as much satisfaction. There is some talk about publishing the text of Esmeralda in a periodical. Has Manager Frohman considered what effect that would have upon his dramatic copyright?

The Standard Patience, at the Standard Theatre, had no reason to complain of Christmas patronage. Almost all the artists in the principal parts are English, and they celebrated their American Christmas by a performance so full of vim and nerve that their audiences were roused into enthusiasm and insisted upon constant encores. Our lively correspondent, "An American Girl," writes that the original Patience at the Savoy cannot be compared to our Standard Patience here, and not one who witnessed Monday's representations will disagree with her. The one hundredth representation will be celebrated on Thursday with souvenir programmes.

The Major was full of Christmas at the Theatre Comique, and great crowds cheered Messrs. Harrigan and Hart in their capital impersonations. There will only be another week of The Major after this; for Harrigan's new play, Squatter Sovereignty, is announced for January 9. By way of advertisement Mr. Harrigan has been interviewed in the Herald, and declares himself firmly in favor of stock companies as the only hope of the drama. He says that the only stars in his

new play will be a fighting goat, a learned pig, an aesthetic donkey and an educated rooster. More power to them and to the jolly Comique company!

There were three performances on Christmas Monday at the bright little Bijou—Little Corinne in The Magic Slipper at 11 A. M.; the Andras troupe in Olivette at 3 P. M., and again at 8 P. M. A review of what may be called the Dolaro-Russell Olivette will be found in the Musical Mirror, and we have only to deal with Little Corinne. The performance on Monday was hardly more than a rehearsal. It had not been thoroughly advertised, and only a few score of people were present. Little Corinne looked smaller than ever alongside of the gigantic George Fortescue, who played Cloinda, and she was quite as charming on the stage as she has been in court. She sings very prettily, dances gracefully, speaks her lines knowingly, and altogether is a most self possessed and attractive little Cinderella. The children will all fall in love with her, and matinees will be given for their benefit every day at 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when there will be a special Corinne matinee at 11 a. m. We understand that it is the intention of the management to teach Little Corinne the verses upon the "S. P. C. C." by Mr. Stephen Fliske, which were published in the *Spirit*, and to have her recite them between the acts at every performance. This is a capital idea and should be immediately carried out. It transforms the little victim of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children into a little missionary to call attention to the wrongs of the neglected children whom the Society overlooks or despairs. Olivette will only be continued for this week at the evening and Saturday matinees performances. Next Monday, Haverly's Strategists will return to the Bijou, where they began their career before Manager Haverly took charge of them.

For Madame Dolaro's first benefit in New York, at the Bijou, on Thursday night, the programme will consist of the second and third acts of The Snake Charmer, in which Madame Dolaro introduces her famous Spanish song, and an original comedietta, written expressly for Madame Dolaro, in which Harry St. Maur, from the London Strand Theatre, will make his first appearance in America. This is a very strong bill; but the personal popularity of Madame Dolaro is sufficient to crowd the theatre with any bill. The word has been passed around the clubs that "Doll's" benefit, on Thursday, is the thing to do, dear boy!"

That John A. Stevens is by no means Unknown at his own theatre—the Windsor—was shown on Monday by the money turned away at the afternoon and evening performances. Mr. Stevens has now played Unknown over 1000 times; but he never played it better than on Monday, and the tremendous audience insisted upon recalling him again and again, until at last he stepped down to the footlights and delivered an eloquent little speech, wishing them as merry a Christmas and happy a New Year as they had made for him. Unknown will be kept on the boards for this week only. Next Monday Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty troupe will give the public a real holiday pantomime.

It must not be imagined that all the people who crowded the Broadway cars on Monday were going up to see the Central Park. Not at all. The most of them got out at the Casino, where Haverly's Patience is now on its last week, and will soon repeat for the provinces perfectly equipped and ready for popularity. Next Monday a genuine novelty is promised in Hague's British Minstrels. These minstrels have no "interlocutor" in the first part; no jokes with Bones and Tamborine. They mean music all the time, and first-class music of all countries at that, and thus far they have been a success wherever they have appeared.

"Any standing room?" inquired a belated visitor, at ten minutes after eight o'clock, of the courteous business manager of the San Francisco Minstrels. "No, sir," was the prompt reply; "they are packed two deep on each other's shoulders now, and you can't get a glimpse of the stage without a telescope." This was the simple fact. Patience is the hit of the season at this rollicking hall. The audiences roar at everything, and when Billy Birch whispered to the tenants of the Gilsey Box, "the rent's in!" they roared again, although they didn't see the joke as Gilsey did. A full minstrel programme precedes the Patience burlesque.

Tony Pastor took the Academy of Music for Monday night and overcrowded it with his double company, in thirty acts and songs, as the attraction. His own theatre, which is large enough for ordinary occasions, he used as a box office to sell seats for the Academy. In the interval, the Academy will welcome back Rossi, the great Italian, who will begin his farewell engagement on the 17th, in King Lear, and will present, during his brief season, Edmund Kean, by the elder Dumas, for the first time in New York.

The Musical Mirror.



ducted by Dr. Damrosch, will not be noticed by us till next week, as we make it an inviolable rule never to criticize anything we have not had time thoroughly to hear and digest, and notices of all performances occurring later in the week than Tuesday evening are therefore postponed till the next issue of THE MIRROR.

Olivette, as revived by the Audran Comic Opera company at the Bijou Theatre, is very good in most respects, but the English version is something terrible. Why on earth do not managers go to capable people for the books of their operas? Is it parsimony, or is it gross ignorance that makes otherwise passably intelligent men stultify themselves so the moment they enter the field of opera? We can name three men who have been successful as adapters of operas, who are musicians as well as literary men, but who are never thought of when managers have work to do, while mere scribblers, without any knowledge of music, very little of French, and less of English, but who are content to work for merely nominal pay, are entrusted with the very delicate task of cleansing the Augean stables of French opera bouffe and replacing the somewhat crassulous wit of those risky little pieces with English funniness not quite so objectionable. This is the most part done by the scribes who get the work to do, on the principle of tit for tat. They leave out French naughtiness only to substitute American vulgarity, and local police court scenes. Irish-American Aldermen, politicians and gamblers are dragged in neck and heels, be the scene of the play in Tartary, Paris or Fairyland. Gilbert's books are the brilliant exceptions. His exquisitely witty and yet scrupulously clear dialogues "shine out like a good deed in a naughty world," among the ruck of variety theatre and nigger-band abominations, current under the name of "Opera Bouffe." Apart from the words, Olivette at the Bijou is very well done, Mme. Dolaro and Miss Russell being both superbly agreeable as Olivette and the Countess. Of course Mr. Grensfelder is not Mr. Howson and never can be, but he will pass. Jesse Williams, the conductor and stage manager, deserves all credit for his admirable work in both capacities.

The performance of Corinne, the child actress, whose absurd arrest caused such a tempest in a teapot of late, is a fairly clever exhibition of thorough coaching. The child has evidently some fun in her, but is so completely imbued with variety manners that, in her acting she suits not the action to the word, but flourishes her arms quite independently of what she has to say or sing. Her voice is loud for a little one, but harsh and strained. The chorus is remarkably good, and the clan O'Flaherty, which apparently furnishes the rank and file of the company, do very well, "barrin' the brogue." Baron Balderdash has a beautiful thick one, one that you could cut with a knife. Susie Parker as Prince Popetti and Lizzie Hunt as Dandini were really very good, both as burlesque singers and as dancers. The music is for the most part very well done.

The Christmas music in our churches shows how wonderfully the tuneful art has advanced during the last twenty years. Formed a quartette of singers, backed by an organ, that drowned their puny voices by its thundering diapason, sang pretentious services, requiring full chorus and band, in a manner that reminded the hearer of a mouse aping an elephant; or else performed adapted tunes from the opera or the concert hall set to pious words; or, in rare cases, solemn old chants and deep-voiced psalms were piped forth by these four wretched creatures who had to strain their overtaxed throats to give voice to a chorale by Bach intended for a hundred singers, or a psalm tune, such as Dundee or Old Sabbath, which was originally intoned by thousands of sturdy covenants on the side of a Scotch hill. Now all is done decently and in order. Choirs sufficient in number, and by no means deficient in training, give forth the solemn strains in a solemn manner, and, if not quite up to the mark of the ancient Minster services of England, are yet good and appropriate settings of the "glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people."

CHAT.—Strakosch, the "Moseby" of operatic generals, is making successful raids on the outlying districts, and "Gerster" is his *Choral de Bataille*.—Mrs. E. Aline Osgood is getting valuable if ungrammatical praises from country papers; we should advise her manager to go over the notices critically before he gets them printed, and fit them for metropolitan readers. Nevertheless, we doubt not at all that Mrs. Osgood is as good as most singers.—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has a long article devoted to the subject of operatic hugging as exemplified by the Melville Opera company. Now, that the said company contains several female exponents who are well worth hugging, is patent to public view, but we cannot, for the life of us, see what connection there is between singing and embracing, and would admire a less erotic style of adulation, but verily, the ways of some country critics are past finding out.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Pen and Pencil.



We have had a glorious Christmas. The turkey went to Pencil's sensitive head, and I spent twelve months' advance salary in twelve hours. But that doesn't make an atom of difference. We enjoyed it all the same. In common with the rest of civilized New York, we spent the evening in a theatre. This was not a matter of choice—we went just to spite ourselves. It was unfortunate that we walked up Broadway to Twenty-third street, about seven o'clock, because if a more remote route had been taken we shouldn't have got pulled into that gasping, pushing, yelling, eager crowd which

Before you have been sitting long in front of the San Franciscos, if you are a melancholy chap, you'll find out that you've struck the wrong house. They'll make you cry before a great while, it's true, but the amount of laughter that is wasted before real tears are drawn makes you feel that it doesn't pay to be misanthropic, and upsets your ideas of the world and things as completely as a squall sends a light-hulled yacht over on her beam-end. Of course you



exclaim "nonsense," "trash," "pah!" etc., and, my dear sir, I agree with you in every particular.

But the performances of those burnt cork artists do make you roar until your sides need several yards of fresh sticking plaster to hold them together, and the corners of your mouth for the first time within your memory manifest a decided affinity for the tips of your ears.

The Friscos always give a capital entertainment, and that of the other night was exceptionally good. The first part was admirable. Most of the jokes were dear from old acquaintance; but no matter—old things are always good. Ricardo sang a new song



of an aesthetic character. I am not fond of female impersonators, but this one is clever, and a small Patti vocally. She—he, I mean—wears very well. Johnson and Powers, a brace of favorites who often find a place in Birch and Backus' olio, gave a very neat melange, and that famous minstrel, Bob Slavin, pleased us mightily with several ditties. Harry Kennedy, the most wonder-



comer walked right over the heads of the people on the first floor, from a window at the back of the hall which he entered by scaling a ladder, down to the stage itself. He was searching for space but he found none. Not to be daunted by trifles, this enterprising gentleman got hold of a camp-stool somewhere and slipped into Charley Backus' mouth with it, quite unbeknown to that genial party. There the courageous spectator remained through half the performance; when the proprietor of the private point of vantage wherein he sat, as luck

ful ventriloquist before the public, gave speech to his precocious "Tommy" and "Sally," and Edwin French was amusing so long as he concentrated his talents on his banjo. But best of all was the new burlesque by Frank Dumont, Patients, or Bunion-Salve's Bride. The music, admirably selected by Mullaly, burlesque apart, was much better rendered than by Rice's troupe recently at Booth's, and the tunes of the love-sick score received a fresh treatment by the Madrigal Boys, whose piping soprano voices were equal to the requirements of the choruses. Billy Birch, as Bunion Salve, puts Oscar Wilde completely to the blush. Why don't he go a-lecturing, too? Or better still, lecture his own vocalists, who in the First Part are allowed to guy most stupidly. Mr. Backus, as Patients, the fragile milkmaid, looked as if he could trip across Madison Square in Springtime without so much as crushing a blade of grass. He is

would have it, noticed a slight huskiness that interfered with the melodious sweetness of his middle register. This attracted the solicitous Mr. William Birch, who caught sight of the venturesome interloper, and called a couple of stage hands, hauled him out of his agreeable quarters and bounced him forthwith, because his seat coupon called for accommodations in another part of the house. I shouldn't have believed that a man's enthusiasm would lead him to commit such a breach of professional etiquette had I not seen it with my own eyes.

the too-toest yet, by all odds. But what is the use of my spoiling your enjoyment of the fun by trying to describe it? Go up to James



Hamilton and book a seat ninety days ahead, and you'll feel that—in spite of dramatic thieves, International Copyrights, Pens and Pencils, and such things—there's something to live for yet.

All the seats are taken for Mrs. Langtry's debut at the Haymarket Theatre next week. I attended a rehearsal yesterday, and she'll pull through the part of Miss Horncastle very nicely. What she most wants is "go" (the actors call it "ginger"), and if she would only manage to fire up a bit and display a little more animation, I should not be surprised if she made a fair hit. The worst of these popular beauties is, they lack the rapid power of self-excitement.

HOWARD PAUL.

The Dramatists' Meeting.

An adjourned meeting of the dramatists who are moving in the matter of an international copyright law, was held in the office of THE MIRROR on Saturday last, President Gunter in the chair. The representation was not as large as was expected, and the meeting was quite informal.

The committee appointed to wait upon the Hon. Leon Abbott, and obtain his views and co-operation in drawing up a memorial to Congress expressive of the desires of the native authors, made a report as follows:

TO THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DRAMA.

TITLE: GENTLEMEN:—Your committee beg leave to submit the following report: In accordance with instructions, they have held a conference with Mr. Abbott. The interview lasted about two hours, during which the subject was freely discussed in all its bearings, with the following conclusions:

FIRST.—Mr. Abbott's opinion is that a special enactment by the United States Congress abrogating what is called "stage-right" might perhaps be the most feasible way of meeting the complaint of unequal rights presented by American dramatists.

SECOND.—That the success of a bill calling for International Copyright, which should affect dramatic rights alone, was very doubtful. Consequently he advised that some of the principal book-publishers be asked if there would be any opposition on their part to International Copyright for dramatic productions.

THIRD.—A treaty between the two countries would be the supreme law, and override national law upon the same subject.

Your committee ask for further instructions.

Respectfully submitted,

FRED. MADDEN,
HOWARD TAYLOR, } Committee.
F. B. DEVEREUX.

Some discussion took place, and the substance of each suggestion was duly considered. It seemed to be the opinion of those present that if the prospect of obtaining a law between the two countries was either difficult or remote, the most direct plan to consider in protecting their works was the abrogation by Congress of the stage-right law, and making the pirating of plays a criminal offense, and to this end the dramatists should bend their energies. Under such a law authors would be infinitely better protected than they are now, and would not be compelled to run all over the country and bring suits in every State to enjoin the unlawful production of their pieces, as is the case at present. An International Copyright Law the dramatists deemed highly essential, but they thought the English statutes so terribly mixed concerning literary productions, and the great diversity of opinion that would ensue in Parliament should a bill be introduced to conform to a law of this country, and repealing their present one, that the creation of a new law would entail a very long time, and then perhaps result in nothing. It was thought a local law at present, divesting each State of its sovereignty in regard to dramatic productions, would be the most practicable, and stand a better chance of getting the early recognition of Congress. However, the matter will be more fully discussed at the next meeting, which will be held at the same hour (12 o'clock) and place on Saturday next.

The Giddy Gusher.



ON REASONABLE TOPICS.

The Gusher has the sweetest low-necked gown of rose-colored silk, and a beautiful bunch of artificial laid out ready to put on next Sunday. If only the artist of this establishment had his eyes on it, how soon a portrait of the whole paraphernalia would be decorating these pages. Ever since I beheld the great transformation scene at the Union Square, in which Sara emerged from a state of gorgeousness beyond description, which was her clothes, and became a very plain, every-day sort of woman, which was herself, my mind has been given to raiment. I have decided on the blonde wig and rose silk, and

this New Year. If my confidence is justified, I lose my grace.

I enjoyed myself very much this week going to see one of the great plays, *Macbeth*. It was simply sweet. Owing to a lack of lung power, the big 'diddle' took in most all that any of us had to hear in the way of the words; but her gestures were beautiful and so expressive! *Macbeth* was always favorite with me. It used to be done somewhere in the middle of the last century, in my native Hamlet, by a manager named George Wyatt. The man was the image of Count Fosco, and Wilkie Collins must have met him and immortalized him in the "Woman in White."

George had peculiar views of this play, and I never saw it done in the true Wyatt fashion till I witnessed the Academy version last week. The gentleman usually did a witch himself, and would walk on with a combination costume of Spanish trunk and matador fly, the shirt of the idiot Williams and the boots of roaring Ralph Stanhope. In this guise he addressed to the weird sisters in his Bostonian dialect some truly astonishing Shakespearean lines. I heard him one night begin:

"How now, my hetheron, these be mushy times. I see a sailor's wife outside our' chestnut, an' just naked her for some. Anoint the onion, cried the old frump, her old man's off to fight the tiger, and if I don't sail in with a sieve and take the rat by the tail I ain't no witch."

There was a Mr. Gye who did *Hamlet* with the Wyatt *Macbeth* company, a pronounced cockney, who sang:

"Thy charming voice I 'ear,
So pleasing to my heart;
and as the troupe was small he doubled, playing the Bleeding Sargent and the Doctor, the Murderer, and it looked much better to have several names for the parts than to have the parts enclosed in a bracket and recorded to Gye. Here the fine Shakespearean taste of Wyatt got in some good work, and the bill used to read:

Hamlet..... Mr. G. J. Wyatt
Bleeding Sargent..... Mr. G. J. Wyatt
Doctor..... Mr. G. J. Wyatt
Murderer..... Mr. G. J. Wyatt

These were names he took out of the play "Cream-faced Loon," "Bumfud-Blown," "Lily-livered Knave."

I'm so anxious about my nose whenever I can hardly put my mind on my business, like newspaper writing. It's a constant jollity, I know, and it's not quite the thing to intrude a sorrowful piece of news on the public. But this column is read by the theatrical profession, the most popular class of people in the world, and they but know personally Oberon, the famous spiritualist. Thousands of them have called from the bows of his box the ghosts of their dead friends. His services were always at their service. His kind face and open hand met them on the threshold, and his best efforts in every country, either as host or adviser in all things, belonged to the profession. During last summer in Boston he was stricken with a form of typhoid fever. Dangerously sick for months with that, he finally recovered his health, but his mind became more and more impaired, till finally a wild fit of delirium forced his aged and loving parents to place him in the asylum at Flaverville, Mass.

At this moment the good, generous, hearted Charley Foster is in the world of humanism, a retreat devoted to the vicinity of Boston. His chances of recovery would be stronger if a separate attendant and private apartment could be provided for him. But prodigal and lavish as his life has been, it finds him to day without a dollar. He long ago placed his old father and mother (to whom he is an only child) in an unpretending but comfortable little home in Salem. The dear old folks (very old they are too) desire to mortgage their place and use the proceeds for Charley. Don't it seem hard they should do so? And I don't believe they will have to. I think if the facts of the case are known, among the thousand people who have ate, drank, talked, laughed, been amused, and heard from their grandmothers through Charley Foster, there will be some kind hearts who will send something to those old folks for their son's relief.

The situation got to the ears of Nat and Lizzie Goodwin a few weeks ago, and they sent their regrets and the means to alleviate present necessity by the next mail. God bless 'em. And there's lots more like 'em in the profession that seems to have confiscated half the loving kindness abroad in the world. The address is Captain Joseph Foster, No. 20 Hardy street, Salem, Mass. I trust this paragraph may make the New Year to that sad old man and his stricken wife and son somewhat brighter. And that the New Year may be a happy one for us all is the fervent wish of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

AN UNHAPPY NEW YEAR.

(From the Commercial of Dec. 11.)

In the General Sessions Court to-day Assistant District Attorney Phelps arraigned the bar for pleading, Charles A. Byrne, formerly editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, who indicted for extorting money from John Hart, editor of *Truth*. Byrne pleaded guilty, and his case was postponed.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.



What the Player Folk are Doing All Over the Country.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ALEXANDER CAUFMANN: Cleveland, O., 26, week.

ANTHONY AND ELLIN' UNCLE TOM: Denver, Col., Jan. 2, week.

ACME OPERA CO.: Kansas City, Mo., 26, week.

ANNIE PIXLEY: New York City, 26, week.

ADA GRAY: Keokuk, Ia., 30, 31.

B. MCNAULY COMPANY: Danville, Pa., 31; Scranton, Jan. 2; Pittston, 3; Wilkes-Barre, 4; Pottsville, 5; Shamokin, 6; Harrisburg, 7.

B. W. P. AND W. B. MINSTRELS: Rochester, N. Y., 29, 30; Auburn, 31; Utica, Jan. 2; Elmira, 3; Williamsport, 4.

BAKER AND FABRON: Cincinnati, O., 26, week; Columbus, Jan. 2, 3; Dayton, 5; Indianapolis, Ind., 6, 7; St. Louis, Mo., 8, week.

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.: Cincinnati, 26, week.

BOSTON IDEAL UNCLE TOM: Waterloo, Jan. 2; Independence, 3; Manchester, 4; Monticello, 5; Animosa, 6; Cedar Rapids, 7.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S MY GERALDINE: Detroit, 26, week.

CARTLAND-MURRAY COMB: Topeka, Kans., 26, week.

COLLINS'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER: Zanesville, 29; Urbana, 30; St. Louis, Jan. 1, two weeks.

EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA: Louisville, Ky., Jan. 2, week.

ENID BAYLEY'S COLONEL CO.: Washington, 26, week.

EMILIE MELVILLE OPERA CO.: Zanesville, O., 26; Columbus, 30, 31; Chicago, Ill., Jan. 2, week.

EDWIN CLIFFORD DRAMATIC CO.: Des Moines, 26, week.

FAT TEMPLTON OPERA CO.: Galveston, Tex., 26, 27, 28, 29; Houston, 30, 31.

FLORENCE HUBERT: Omaha, Neb., Jan. 3, week.

FANNY DAVENPORT: New York City, 26, two weeks.

GUY WILLIAMS: Louisville, 26, week.

GEORGE H. ADAMS' HUMPTY DUMPTY TROUPE: Baltimore, 26, week.

GENEVIEVE'S WARD: New Orleans, 25, week; Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 2; Atlanta, Ga., 3, 4; Augusta, 5; Savannah, 6, 7.

GRIMMEL MY WIFE COMB: Boston, 25, week.

HILL'S JOSHUA WHITCOMB: Pittsburgh, Pa., 26, week.

HILL'S DRAGON CRACKET CO.: Rochester, 26, week; Buffalo, Jan. 2, week; Cleveland, Jan. 3, week; Pittsburgh, Jan. 15, week.

HILL'S HUMPHREY'S PREMIUM MINSTRELS: Ottumwa, Ia., 29; Chariton, 30; Albia, 31; Okaloosa, Jan. 2; Washington, 3; Muscatine, 4; Geneva, Ill., 5; Peru, 6.

HILL'S ALL THE RAGS: Pottsville, 29; Harrisburg, 30; Columbus, 31; Lancaster, Jan. 2; York, 3; Reading, 4.

HERMANN: Syracuse, N. Y., 29, 30, 31.

HERMANN'S HEARTS OF OAK: Indianapolis, 26, week; St. Louis, Jan. 1, week.

HOGAN'S EUROPEAN MINSTRELS: New York City, Jan. 2, two weeks.

HAWLEY'S WIDOW BEDOTT: Milwaukee, Wis., 29, Jan. 1; For Du Lac, 2; Appleton, 3; Green Bay, 4; Oshkosh, 5; Wautertown, 6; Janesville, 7.

HELEN BLITHE CO.: Trenton, N. J., 28, 29, 30.

HOWERTH'S HIBERNICA: Portsmouth, O., 29; Mayville, Ky., 30, 31.

JOHN T. RAYMOND: Nashville, Tenn., 29, 30.

JOHN S. CLARK: Philadelphia, 26, two weeks.

JOHN JEFFERSON: Pittsburgh, Pa., 26, week.

JEFFRIES LEWIS (Two Nights in Rome): Boston, Mass., 26, week.

KATHERINE ROGERS: Leadville, Col., 26th, week.

KIRALY BROS. MICHEL STROGOFF: Troy, N. Y., 26, week.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTAN MINSTRELS: St. Louis, Mo., 26, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 9, week.

LETTA: Cincinnati, 26, week.

LETTA'S RENTY MINSTRELS: Corning, N. Y., 29; Millboro, 30; Bath, 31; Hornellsville, Jan. 2; Warsaw, 3; Ithica, 4; Leroy, 5; Canandaigua, 6; Waterloo, 7.

LAWRENCE BARRETT: Houston, Tex., 29, 30, 31.

MRS. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Providence, R. I., 26, week; Southbridge, Mass., Jan. 2; Milford, 3; Lowell, 4; Fitchburg, 5; Greenfield, 6.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD: Toronto, Can., 29, 30, 31.

MILTON NORLON: Chicago, Ill., 26, week.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (THE PROVINCIAL): Cedar Rapids, Ia., 29; Davenport, 30; Rock Island, Ill., 31.

MARSHALL'S PLEASURES PARTY: Worcester, Mass., 29; Springfield, 30; Greenfield, 31; Troy, N. Y., 2, 3, 4; Albany, 5, 6, 7.

M. H. CURTIS' SAM' O' POER COMB.: Memphis, Tenn., 29, 30, 31.

MADISON SQUARE HAZEL KIRK: Terre Haute, Ind., 29; Vincennes, 30.

MARY ANDERSON: New York City, Jan. 2, 4 weeks.

MARY ANDERSON CO. (Aldrich and Parsloe): Owego, N. Y., 29; Amsterdam, 30; Albany, Jan. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.

MINER-ROONEY COMB.: Cincinnati, 26, week; Dayton, Jan. 2; Xenia, 3; Chillicothe, 4; Columbus, 5, 6; Springfield, 7.

NEIL HUGGERS CO.: Hamilton, O., 29; Lexington, Ky., 30; Frankfort, 31; Louisville, Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5.

NICK ROBERTS' H. D.: Columbus, 29; Jefferson, Ind., 30; New Albany, 31.

N. C. GOODWIN: Cincinnati, 26, week.

OLD SHIPMATES (Frank Mordant): Paterson, N. J., 29; Newark, 30, 31; Trenton, Jan. 2.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Columbus, O., 29, 30.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON: St. Louis, 25, week; Pittsburgh, Jan. 2, week.

RICH CONCERT CO.: New York City, 29.

RICH EVANGELINE CO.: Shreveport, La., 29; Marshall, Texas, 30; Palestine, 31; Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 2, 3.

RONSON AND CRANE: Baltimore, 26, week.

ROSE ETTING IN FELICIA: Dunkirk, N. Y., 29; Erie, Pa., 30; Akron, O., 31.

SOL STERN RUSSELL: St. Louis, 25, week; Chicago, Jan. 2, week.

STEEL MACKAY CO.: Winona, Wis., 29; Dubuque, Iowa, 30, 31; Zanesville, O., Jan. 2; Wheeling, W. Va., 3, 4; Cumberland, Md., 5; Newark, N. J., 6, 7.

STRAKOSH CONCERT AND OPERA CO.: Detroit, Mich., Jan. 5, 6, 7.

THE JOLLITIES: Stockton, Cal., 30, 31; Sacramento, Jan. 2, 3; Virginia City, 5, 6; Reno, 7; Eureka, 9, 10; Salt Lake City, 12, 13, 14.

TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Williamsburg, 26, week.

WILBUR OPERA CO.: Albany, N. Y., 29, 30, 31.

WILLIE EDOUN'S SPARKS: Brooklyn, N. Y., 26, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 2, week; New York, 9, week.

W. M. SHERIDAN DRAMATIC CO.: Portland, Oregon, 29, 30, 31.

CHICAGO.

McVicker's Theatre (J. H. McVicker, manager): John T. Raymond has closed his fortnight's engagement in *Fresh, the American*, to light business. Mr. Raymond is fortunate in securing a character adapted to his peculiar abilities, which bids fair to please the public and strengthen his old-time popularity. This week, Hazel Kirke.

Haverly's Theatre (J. H. Haverly, manager): The Professor has been drawing good houses. This week, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

Grand Opera House (J. A. Hamlin, manager): Hoey and Hardin combination have produced *Child of the State*, and that fine drama, too seldom seen, *Diplomacy*. The business of the week has been ordinary. This week, Milton Nobles in *The Phoenix and Interview*.

Hooley's Theatre (R. M. Hooley, manager): Hagnie's British Operatic Minstrels have been doing a fair business. Their musical first part is excellent. This week, Jarrett and Palmer's *Fun on the Bristol*.

Academy of Music (William Emmett, manager): Harry G. Richmond in *Our Candidate* and a strong small *olio* have drawn large audiences. This week Kate Howard will be the star.

Olympic Theatre (Z. W. Sprague, manager): Hyde and Behman's Comedy company have drawn good houses and given a fair entertainment. This week, Mr. Leavitt and his hurricane of talent.

Lyceum Theatre (James S. Edwards, manager): A large vaudeville entertainment has been given, concluding with a local absurdity entitled *Keno*. This week, W. T. Stephens and Minnie Oscar Grey in *Grey and Sure*.

Criterion Theatre (Charles Engle, manager): W. T. Harris in *Fetters*, or *The Dark Side of a Great City*. This week, Two Orphans.

Items: Andy Cullom was not funny enough to satisfy Mr. Leavitt, so his services in the minstrel company have been dispensed with. H. W. Blanchett has gone to Manitoba to join the Brighton Dramatic company.

T. F. Egbert has closed his engagement with the Legion of Honor company, and, in company with Kate Glassford, has gone to join Alice Lingard at her opening in Denver.

—Harry Hayden, of the Keene company, was in town last week, and reports big business in the South. —Richard Grove has reorganized the old Church Choir company for the production of *Pinafore* at Central Music Hall during New Year's week. Zelma Sequin has been engaged for *Buttercup*.

Dave Henderson, the accomplished critic of the *Herald*, was married to Grace Roth on last Tuesday. The couple have the best wishes of a host of friends. Miss Roth will leave the stage. —Lewis Morrison and his manager, Frank Gardner, have had a disagreement; and Mr. Morrison has left the company. —M. B. Leavitt was in the city last week arranging dates for his latest attraction, the Pauline Markham Two Orphans combination. —John Hooley, Jr., has assumed the management of Leavitt's Hyers Sisters combination. —The Jollities, who played an engagement of one week in this city, have made a failure in San Francisco. —John McCormick is said to have netted \$5,000 (?) in his Fred Faulding contract, and has resumed his labors on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. —Manager Sprague, of the Olympic, has organized his stage hands into a fine fire department. —Milward Adams, manager of the Central Music Hall, manages the Theodore Thomas' orchestra. —Ariel N. Barney, late of the Madison Square Theatre, is in the city in the interests of Haverly. He will probably manage the Mapleton Opera company on its migrations. —The Adelaide Elliott company as was predicted, returned to the city this week with one week's salary and some experience. —Adeline Patti will appear at Haverly's Jan. 3. —Marie Geistinger is billed for an early appearance in this city. —After a week of rehearsals and a large quantity of fine printing had been secured, the Florence Gillette company concluded not to take the road. It is understood Miss Gillette has been financially crippled through the mismanagement of J. A. Randolph. —Manager William Emmett, of the Academy of Music, has sold his interest in the property to the veteran Dan Shelby. Mr. Emmett has been connected with the Academy since 1876, has twice been burned out, and every time has replaced the loss with a structure more magnificent. His house has been exceptionally well managed, and his house has had a wonderful popularity. Mr. Emmett has agreed to withdraw from the management in Chicago for two years, which time himself and wife (Katie Howard) expect to spend in England. —The Edwin Clifford company recently produced in Milwaukee, at the Academy of Music, *The Banker's Daughter*. This unauthorized production was followed by Bartley Campbell's *Peril*.

BOSTON.

Edwin Booth still draws immense houses at the Park Theatre, and last week was only

a repetition of the first two of the great actor's engagements. He appeared as Shylock, Richard III, and King Lear. King Lear was a prominent role in the repertoire of Edwin Forrest to the day of his death, it being the last character he ever played. The performances were everywhere recognized as one of remarkable force and power, and as filling out completely the idea of the author. The elder Booth represented the character at the age of twenty-three. His success in the personation is a fact of dramatic history.

After the elder Booth and Forrest the stars of the day personated Lear, but their performances were obviously modeled upon theirs, or at least were based upon the same general conception of the character. Edwin Booth's personation of Lear is one about which there will unavoidably be a diversity of opinion. This was the case with the elder Booth, who was often accused of being a mimic of Kean. The self-consciousness of Edwin Booth is often perceptible, and great actor as he is, rarely established an illusion in this personation. But it is distinguished by many striking points of excellence, displaying a careful and finished art.

Nothing could be better than the fierceness and electric energy of Mr. Booth's denunciations. Rage and violent recriminations were invested with a power and thrilling earnestness which aroused the enthusiasm of the great audience.

Samuel Piercy's powers were fully demonstrated in his able treatment of Edgar. Mr. Piercy has rendered excellent support to Mr. Booth in all of his plays. Bella Patafman was most painstaking as Cordelia, and received the appreciation of her hearers. Eva Garrick was a good Regan.

Edwin Booth in Richard III is admirable. It impresses more by its intellectuality, its strident force, its thorough grasp of the great creation, and the fine and delicate shades of emotion are depicted by him with skill and finesse. Booth, with his classical features and careful study, is a fit exponent, and serves to illustrate the rare ability, knowledge of nature and wonderful power of the greatest of authors. Bella Patafman displays her usual discrimination and taste in the rendering of her important roles. This is the last week of Mr. Booth.

The question is how to judge Madame Favart, which was produced at the Globe Theatre with a large chorus, rich and costly dresses, and beautiful appointments. Catherine Lewis appeared on the opening night, but was so indisposed that the music was cut unmercifully, and seemed to dampen the ardor of her associates. Miss Lewis has not been able to assume the title role, and Emma Howson came to the rescue and succeeded in giving a very creditable performance, singing and acting very well. John Howson is especially pleasing in the second act, but utterly failed in the third, making the character too vigorous, and sporting in repartee and puns. Fred Lester is a disappointment; his Favart was much better done by an actor at another much a few weeks since. Minnie Walsh made a very favorable impression as Susanne; she has a very sweet voice and sings finely, although very awkward in acting. The chorus and orchestra worked most creditably, and Comley and Barton are to be congratulated in presenting comic opera in so fine a manner. Business has not been up to the mark. Olivette, all this week.

Patience receives its 100th performance at the Boston Museum on Saturday. It has been a great success from the start. Charles Barron was honored with a crowded house on the occasion of his benefit, *Scrap of Paper* and *Katherine* and *Petruchio* being cast to the full strength of the company. On Saturday night Dian Boucicault appeared as *Yours Na Coppaleen* in the *Colleen Bawn*. Eviction at the Windsor was a failure. This week a decided change in the bill, Jeffreys-Lewis appearing as *Antonia in Two Nights in Rome*, being her first appearance in Boston in five years.

This week the popular Tourists appear at the Gaiety. Being great favorites their success is insured.

N. S. Wood, the young actor, will appear as the Boy Scout at the Howard this week. Business at this house is very large.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

New Haven Opera House (John N. Near, manager): Cinderella at School was the Christmas attraction 26th. Minnie Cummings, who has become associated with Mr. Near in the management, will make her appearance 31st, with a well selected stock company. The plan is now to run a regular company, playing original and standard pieces.

NORWALK.

Music Hall (F. M. Knapp, manager): Deacon Crankett, to small house, 23d; Harry Miner's Comedy Four company, 27th.

Opera House (Fred. W. Mitchell, manager): This house is undergoing another thorough renovation, and will be closed during the month of January. One thousand dollars will be spent in redecorating.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

National Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Lotta last week in Little Detective and Bob. The Vokes Family this week. DeMann Thompson Jan. 2.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, manager): Eric Bayley's company in The Colonel this week. Humpty Dumpty Jan. 2.

Theatre Comique (Budd and O'Neil, managers): J. W. McAndrew in The Rangers.

GEORGIA.

MACON.

Ralston Hall (Turpin and Ogden, managers): Frederick Warde played Virginius 19th and Richelieu 20th, to two good houses, giving general satisfaction. Nothing booked up to Jan. 8, when the Vokes Family appear.

ROME.

Nevin Opera House (M. A. Nevin, manager): Hess' Acme Opera company in the Mascotte 20th to fair house. Performance good.

SAVANNAH.

Theatre (H. C. Houston, manager): Nothing of interest during the past ten days. Rossi 23d and 24th to good business. Frederick Warde 26th and 27th.

ILLINOIS.

BLOOMINGTON.

Opera House (Tillotson and Fell, managers): Rogers' Comedy company, 19th, in My Sweetheart, to a large house. Frank I. Frayne, 20th, to a good house. Durley Hall (Tillotson and Fell, managers): Oliver Doud Byron, 21st, to a large audience, despite heavy rain storm.

JOLIN.

Opera House (E. S. Barney, manager): C. H. Smith's U. T. C. company, 19th, to crowded house. Ada Gray, 20th and 21st, to fair and light business. Victoria Loftus' Blondes, 22d, to this house.

LINCOLN.

Gillet's Opera House (J. T. James, manager): Hi Henry's Premium Minstrels 19th to crowded house, with refined performance. C. C. Burnett lectured 21st to a large audience.

QUINCY.

Opera House (Dr. P. A. Marks, manager): The Rogers Comedy company in My Sweetheart, 22d, to good house; the performance was quite good. John R. was the recipient of a handsome gold-headed cane from the Quincy boys as a testimonial of their good feeling for him.

ROCKFORD.

The Opera House (J. P. Norman, manager): Anthony and Ellis' H. D., 21st; fair performance to good business. Helen Potter's Pleiades in excellent entertainment, 22d, to fair audience.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Frank Mayo appeared 16th, in Macbeth, to light business, and at matinee, 17th, Ingmar to a medium-sized audience, and at night Mr. Mayo appeared as Richard III. to a good house. On the 20th the Rogers Comedy company performed My Sweetheart to a good sized audience. Frank Frayne in Mardo, 21st, to a light house. Oliver Doud Byron in Across the Continent, 24th, to good business.

Adelphi Theatre (W. H. Laird, proprietor): Business light for week.

Item: Manager Laird has taken the management of the Quincy Variety House in connection with the Adelphi of this city.

INDIANA.

ANDERSON.

Union Hall (C. K. McCollough, manager): Langdon and Allison combination gave a very poor performance 20th to a fair house. Canfield and Lamont's Humpty Dumpty 23d to a poor house. Performance good.

BRAZIL.

Turner's Hall (Abe Turner, manager): The Villa to a big business 22d, 23d, 24th; performance fair. Canfield and Lamont 31st.

COLUMBUS.

Opera House (John Doup, manager): Duper and Benedict's Minstrels 20th; good business. Performance entirely too loud, and bordered on variety. New England Opera company 23d and 24th in Mascotte. Good business and first class performance. Madison Square Theatre company in Hazel Kirke 24th. Largest business of the season.

GREENSBURG.

Hannemann Opera House (Brattia and Blake manager): Hazel Kirke 23d by one of the legitimate companies to a very large and enthusiastic audience. Our people enjoyed the piece very much.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Dickson's Grand Opera House (J. B. and G. A. Dickson, managers): Nat. C. Goodwin to light business the first half of the week in Hobbies, and Member for Biscum the balance. The performance merited a much larger patronage. Hearts of Oak week of 26th.

Park Theatre (J. B. and G. A. Dickson, managers): Emilie Melville company in Royal Middy, Boccaccio and Chimes of Normandy 23d, 24th and 25th, to light business. This company is by far the best comic opera company that has appeared in this city this season.

English's Opera House (Will. E. English, manager): John S. Clarke, the comedian, to light business the first half of the week; the remaining half was taken by Haverly's Minstrels to a passable business. Since its last appearance some changes have taken place that have materially weakened the party. Hoey and Hardie's Child of the State 26th, 27th and 28th.

LAFAYETTE.

Grand Opera House (F. E. D. McGinley, manager): Miner-Rooney combination gave a fair performance to good business 16th; Clara Louise Kellogg to big business 21st; Baker and Farron to small house 22nd, partly owing to bad weather; Maho's Opera company to crowded houses 23d in the opera of Patience. The performance was of a very

high grade, the prompter being an excellent reader.

NEW ALBANY.

New Albany Opera House (J. Harberson, agent): The New England Opera company in the Mascotte 19th and 20th to a large audience each evening. The Mozart quartette gives an entertainment 27th. Hoey and Hardie combination 29th, Nick Roberts 21st.

PERU.

Concord Theatre (L. M. Clark, manager): Langdon and Allison's Swift and Sure combination, Minnie Oscar Gray as the star, drew poor houses 21st; company fair. Wm. Stafford, supported by Ross Rand, gave Snowball and Don Caesar de Bazan to fair audience 23d and 24th and Saturday matinee; company fair.

RICHMOND.

Phillips' Opera House (N. J. C. Watts, manager): Fun on the Bristol 20th; large and delighted audience. Herne's Hearts of Oak drew a brilliant house 22d; the piece, as produced, fell far below expectation. Pat Rooney to poor business 23d; performance good; Dupres and Benedict 26th.

Grand Opera House (J. J. Russell, manager): Marion Gray combination 23d and 24th. Georgia Minstrels 26th.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (H. M. Smith, manager): Clara Louise Kellogg 20th, to fair business; Baker and Farron in Chris and Lena 21st, to small audience; Haverly's European Mastodons 22d; the Harrisons 26th; John T. Raymond 27th.

VINCENNES.

Green's Opera House (Wm. Green, manager): Baker and Farron to a moderate business 19th. Herne's Hearts of Oak played to only a moderate house 23d. The troupe did not arrive here until 8:30 p. m. The non-appearance of the Hess Acme Opera company 24th created much dissatisfaction.

IOWA.

BURLINGTON.

Grimes' Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): Boston Ideal Opera company in Pirates of Penzance (matinee) 17th. In the evening 600 people paid their dollar-and-a-half each to hear The Bells of Corneville, with Phillips and Whitney in the cast, but these two artists had gone on to St. Louis, to the indignation of our people; besides, the opera was frightfully cut, in order to catch a train. James Simms' company 19th, week; very good, low-priced entertainment.

Grand Opera House: Emma Abbott Opera company will open this house, Jan. 6 and 7. General Phil Sheridan, Postmaster General James, Frank Hatton, and a number of Chicago gentlemen, including members of the press, will come in a special car to attend the opening.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Dohany's Opera House (John Dohany, manager): Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels to a large audience 19th. Salsbury Troubadours booked for 31st.

Item: Kate Laramee James, Council Bluff's charming opera singer, left on the 20th for New York, to join the Strakosch Opera company.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House (Duncan and Waller, managers): The Lyceum Opera company 23d to a large audience, playing under auspices of Library association. The company is small and weak. Smith's Double U. T. 24th, with matinees, will come in a special car to attend the opening.

PORT MADISON.

Concord Hall (Charles Doerr, manager): Anthony-Ellis U. T. C. 18th to a very large audience; company fair.

IOWA CITY.

Opera House (John Coldren, manager): Helen Potter Pleades to a large house 16th. Emma Leland 19th, week, in a Celebrated Case to poor business.

KEOKUK.

Keokuk Opera House: Rogers' Comedy company 23d to good business. Holiday snaps are abundant. Colored Mastodon Minstrels stranded on the shoals of financial distress at Grinnell, Ia., and did not fill date here. This snap was under management of J. H. Wallack and one Thorp, who are evidently ahead of their company and several opera house managers, if reports from Quincy and Des Moines are true. Manager Hughe compelled Schwartz the manager who was playing the Boston Ideals over this circuit to pay \$150 for failing to keep engagement 17th. Your correspondent wishes to acknowledge the receipt of tickets to the opening of the new opera house at Burlington which is to take place January 6 or 7.

MARSHALLTOWN.

Woodbury Opera House (A. G. Glick, manager): Forbes Dramatic company 17th in Black Diamonds, 19th in True Devotion. The old-time favorite, Ben Cotton, and his little daughter Ideline made a special hit, and were ably supported by Nellie Cotton and other members of the company.

KENTUCKY.

Macaulay's Theatre (John T. Macaulay, proprietor): Herne's Hearts of Oak was billed for three nights past, but only played two, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Herne on the second night; business was very poor. M. B. Curtis' Sam'l of Posey was the attraction the latter part of the week to good business.

Opera House (John T. Macaulay, manager): Eunice Melville Opera troupe has made the success of the season, filling the house at each performance with a fashionable audience. The company is first-class in every respect.

Items: The electric light will be in use this week at our theatres for the first time.—The Whallen Brothers, of the Buckingham, presented Col. Savage, treasurer of the house, with a handsome gold watch and chain on Christmas eve. Mr. Savage has been connected with the house since the opening, and is the brains of the theatre.—Helen Harold, late of Rice's Evangeline company, is idle in this city.

PADUCAH.

St. Clair Hall (Lamdin and Halloran, managers): Haverly's Widow Bedott 17th did a good business and took well. Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty 21st to good business; mediocre show.

BANGOR.

Broadway Opera House (E. C. Elliott, manager): A good variety show was given last week, and business continues to be large.

MAINE.

St. Clair Hall (Lamdin and Halloran, managers): The Tourists 22d to poor business, on account of very stormy night. Jay Rial's U. T. C. company 23d, 24th and 26th to light business.

LEWISTON.

Music Hall (Charles Horbury, lessee and manager): Miner-Rooney combination gave a fair performance to good business 16th; Clara Louise Kellogg to big business 21st; Baker and Farron to small house 22nd, partly owing to bad weather; Maho's Opera company to crowded houses 23d in the opera of Patience. The performance was of a very

manager): Tourists gave a good performance to large house 21st.

City Hall: Boylston Troupe, variety, 19th to fair business.

FORTLAND.

New Portland Theatre (Frank Curtis, manager): The Tourists, 23d and 24th, to large business, and gave satisfaction.

City Hall: Stoddard's lecture, Down the Danube, to over two thousand people.

Items: Manager Curtis is home for the holidays.—The medalion of Margaret Mather, in the Christmas number of THE MIRROK, is universally admired.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CHESAPEAKE.

Academy of Music (J. B. Field, manager): Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Knight in Otto to a fine audience 19th. Benefit of Manager Field, 20th, when the operetta of Betsy Baker was given, and Georgie Cayvan gave some very fine readings.

FALL RIVER.

Academy of Music (George Hackett, manager): Baron Rudolph was capably played by the Knights, 23d. The piece is not a perfect one by any means, but it gives birth to a new eccentricity on the part of George Knight that may ultimately place him on the plane of dramatic distinction. The supporting company is quite good. The house was a slim one. Edwin Booth will favor us with his superb rendering of Othello Jan. 2.

LOWELL.

Music Hall (Simons and Emery, lessees): Haverly's Strategists 23d to a fair house. Boston Theatre company in Michel Strogoff 26th.

Huntington Hall: Boylston Museum company 22d; Bay State Opera company in The Musketeer Jan. 4.

LYNN.

Music Hall: Lynn Juvenile Opera company (?) 21st and 22d, to light business, in the operetta Golden Hair.

Item: Louise Zarrant, the Grand Army reader, read before Post 5, of this city 21st.

MILFORD.

Music Hall: Kate Claxton, 20th, in Double Marriage, to a large house.

TAUNTON.

Music Hall (A. B. White, proprietor): Boylston Museum company, 20th, to a large house. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight in Baron Rudolph, 21st, to a large and well pleased audience.

WORCESTER.

Music Hall (R. M. Reynolds, manager): The Fifth Avenue Comedy company in Led Astray 24th gave a very pleasing entertainment, the company being a good one; 26th East Lynne.

Item: Theatrical business has been light here for several weeks, excursions to the Boston theatres receiving the patronage of our theatre-going public.

MICHIGAN.

KALAMAZOO.

Kalamazoo Opera House (Chase and Solomon, managers): Paine Opera company 21st, to fair business; Frayne combination 28th.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.



*In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet
- LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST!*

Another play's begun, you say?
Too bad! I wagered just in fun
A respite brief from plays I'd have
I lost—my luck—and Eighty won!

No matter! Chance is prone to change:
Fortune once more I'll try and woo.
Another bet I'll make, by George!
This time the odds on Eighty, too!

* * *

Strange to say, poor old Cazauran, "Esq.," is reported to have spoken the truth the other day. "I didn't see you at the American Dramatists' meeting on Thursday," said a friend. "No, of course you didn't. Why should I mix myself up with those fellows? Have I labored so long, and still there's somebody who doesn't know that I never wrote a drama? Truly, I have cribbed in vain!"

* * *

Bartley Campbell has expressed his complete sympathy with the movement for an International Dramatic Copyright. Like many other dramatists, his managerial duties compel his absence from New York, but he will support any concerted action, he assures us, from a distance. Letters from many other authors to the same effect have been received. But it is earnestly hoped that a full attendance will mark the dramatists' next meeting. The movement is not a restricted one; it includes all who have written plays and expect to receive emoluments from them. The association extends a hearty welcome to all those who are in any way interested in the movement, and hopes to see them at THE MIRROR office at 12 o'clock next Saturday.

The Dramatic Thieves.

A correspondent sends us a programme of "the celebrated Simon Comedy Company, Hussar Band and Superb Orchestra," playing throughout the Southwest. They are pirating Annie Pixley's *M'liss*, with Annie Simon as *M'liss*, J. A. Simon as Judge Beeswinger and Frank P. Lindon as Yuba Bill. It is an exact copy of Miss Pixley's play, and is presented by this "snide" combination with bare-faced effrontery.

The Lester combination is also doing *M'liss* in the West. Not content with this theft they have cribbed Den Thompson's Joshua Whitcomb, and are doing a feeble imitation of *The Danites*, under the title of *Good as Gold*. J. P. Lester is the name of the dramatic kleptomaniac who runs this show. He informed a MIRROR correspondent that he intended to include Hazel Kirke in his repertoire as soon as he could get hold of a copy. He laughs at any attempt to prevent him from playing any piece he can obtain belonging to others, and is making a good thing out of what he has already stolen.

Mrs. G. C. Howard has been known for some years as one of the best *Topays* on the road, and she has made a reputation in the character. We regret to know that she has departed from the path of right, and is now playing the *Two Orphans*, and has named her troupe "The Fifth Avenue combination of New York." There is no law to prevent her from using such a title, but the inference that her company is the Fifth Avenue *Theatre* combination is so palpable to the bucolic mind, that she gains her point while she does not in reality commit an actual breach of law. Yet in playing *The Two Orphans* she is treading upon the toes of Kate Claxton, to whom the piece belongs, and comes in for her share of the odium attached to the black sheep in whom we are engaged in exposing.

The F. G. White combination is playing Joshua Whitcomb, *Risen from the Ashes* (Milton Nobles' *Phoenix*), in the West—both palpable thefts.

Florence Richmond is billed to appear in Towanda, Pa., in the "Madison Square success."

Our correspondent at Charlotte, N. C., sends us the programme of a company traveling through North and South Carolina, calling itself the "Richmond and McElreath's Dramatic company, Brass Band and Orchestra," with Hazel Kirke as the attraction. They appeared in Camden, S. C., on the 24th ult.

James Collier sent a lawyer up to Fishkill-on-the-Hudson last week, and stopped a troupe which was playing *The Banker's Daughter* as "the success that ran five hundred nights at the Madison Square Theatre!"

Where Stolen Plays are Sold.

How do the dramatic thieves procure their plays?

This question has agitated the minds of managers and authors who have suffered pecuniary loss at the hands of the unprincipled parties who are or have been, without the slightest regard for honesty, devastating the country far and near with fraudulent representations of stolen plays.

We have taken great pains to solve this mystery, and the following recital of the way in which two clever men ferreted it out—a narrative, by the way, which reads like a leaf from Pinkerton's note-book—will be a surprising revelation to the majority of the profession, and we hope of practical benefit in putting an end to a most infamous and illegitimate traffic.

To commence with the beginning, we must go back some weeks to the time when Marc Klaw, the traveling lawyer of the Madison Square Theatre, was sent down South by Manager Frohman to injunct a number of barnstormers who were ranging that section of the country with pirated copies of *Hazel Kirke*. Great success attended the emissary's mission. Like the Asyrian of old, he swept down like a wolf upon these precious black sheep of the dramatic fold, and with most disastrous effect. Four bold *Hazel Kirke* despilers were brought to justice, and four very sorry managers promised never to do so any more. Among these latter was J. H. Huntley, who claimed that he flew the black flag by special permission of Steele Mackaye.

He claimed to sincerely regret the mistake he undoubtedly made in assuming that the author of a play in all cases is privileged to dispose of it on good terms whenever and to whomsoever he chooses. Then he gave up his illegal Ms. copy of *Hazel Kirke*, and gave a note, which, strange to say, Mr. Klaw accepted, to defray one-half of the lawyer's Sutherland trip, in lieu of royalty, provided that the Madison Square injunction suit against Mackaye is eventually decided in favor of the former parties. Huntley appeared truly penitent, and his brief relations with Klaw in Canton, Mississippi, were, considering the circumstances, of a very congenial character.

While still in Canton, Klaw got word that *Hazel Kirke* companies were springing up, like mushrooms in a night, all over the Western States. Quick action was necessary to lop down this evil before it attained great growth, and Klaw, who is a clever fellow, set his quick wits industriously to work, in order that an efficient means for instant action might be devised. Recognizing the truth of the old proverb about an ounce of prevention being better than twelve times that amount of cure, he believed that if the source from which these fraudulent copies of the play were secured could be found, more than half the battle would be won. That there was a source from which all these bogus parties got their manuscripts of the drama he had long suspected, but of the extent and brazen effrontery of the people who supplied such customers as those he was engaged in hunting he had no conception.

Acting upon this theory, Klaw ingratiated himself with the members of Huntley's company, correctly surmising that they would probably be able to furnish some clue that might lead to the discovery of the dealers in copyrighted pieces. The company were nothing loth to associate with a good-looking young man of affable manners, who dressed well and spent his money with a freedom to which they were certainly not accustomed, and his task seemed an easy one. From the leading lady down to the property-man Klaw pumped all the information he could get, and when his work was accomplished, like a most magnanimous detective, he sat down to his Thanksgiving dinner with the whole troupe.

During this time Mr. Klaw was in constant telegraphic communication with Mr. Frohman and THE MIRROR, and every movement was reported by cypher dispatches. A trap was laid to catch the stolen-play dealers, break up their business by exposing their schemes, and, if necessary, drive them out of New York city. This was a job that required the utmost secrecy and the most cautious manipulation; because the parties in question were reported to be extremely wary and suspicious.

Klaw remained one week in Louisville after leaving Mississippi. There he had some cards carefully printed at the Argus office, bearing the following inscription:

W. H. REYNOLDS,
Business Manager
ADAH FAIR CO.
REPERTOIRE, "45" "Banker's Daughter," "Article 47."

These bits of pasteboard were gotten up typographically in exact imitation of those used by "snap" agents, even to the familiar narrow gilt border and beveled edges. With these and a few quarter sheet bills that displayed an equal amount of fictional ingenuity, Klaw's "lay-out" was complete, and he came to this city. With the assistance of Dan Frohman and the editor of this paper, his plan of action was canvassed and approved. A MIRROR reporter of especial shrewdness, who was well qualified for such a purpose, having had some experience in the detective line previously, was detailed to work in conjunction with Klaw, and share in the honor of unearthing the fountainhead of all the dramatic thieves in this country.

Operations were begun immediately, the two men working in concert.

Wednesday morning, Dec. 14, Klaw left the Madison Square Theatre, and by a circuitous route proceeded down town. He did not think it was necessary to wear a disguise, because, being a stranger in New York, and having a comparatively limited acquaintance with theatrical people in the East, he did not believe that he stood in any danger of recognition. His armament consisted of a small silk umbrella, a ten-dollar bank-note, and a firm determination to accomplish his object, and provide THE MIRROR with the evidence necessary to a full exposure of the gang who trade in copyrighted plays.

Stopping in front of a common looking brick house, situated at No. 45 King street—a thoroughfare chiefly remarkable for retaining all the old-fashioned appearance which has characterized it ever since the days of our daddies, when it was one of the swell localities of Gotham—Klaw surveyed the building with considerable interest. After having looked up and down the street as if he was in fear of being discovered in this classic locality, he descended three or four sunken, irregular stone steps, and found himself standing before the basement door of Number 45. There was no bell handle in sight, but a rusty iron knocker was noticeable, and Klaw gave it three or four loud thumps. The sound was answered by the yelp of a dog. A few moments passed by, and then the door swung back a few inches on its hinge, leaving a small crevice, through which an overpowering odor of cooking and the towed head of a young girl were projected simultaneously.

"Is this No. 45 King street?" asked Klaw.

"It is," replied the female, closing the door just a little and measuring the stranger with a suspicious pair of eyes from head to foot. "What do you want?"

"Is Mr. Ligon at home?" inquired Klaw.

The girl stared an instant, and then stammered nervously: "What do you wish to see him about?"

"I think this will explain," said Klaw, pushing one of his Louisville cards into the girl's hand.

She glanced at it curiously, and then, unceremoniously slammed the door in "Mr. Reynold's" face, first telling him to wait until she summoned Mrs. Ligon.

In a few moments the door was opened again and Mr. Klaw received an invitation to enter from a rather good looking young woman about twenty years of age. Her eyes were black, her complexion swarthy, and she bore unmistakable evidence of Italian birth or descent. She held Mr. Klaw's card in her hand.

"Come in," said she.

After they had got inside the door the woman continued: "Have you called on professional business?"

Mr. Klaw merely pointed to his bogus card.

"Where did you get these plays, Mr. Reynolds?" asked Mrs. Ligon, pointing to the names on the pasteboard, and smiling sweetly.

"To tell you the truth," replied Klaw, "I have got none of them, and that is why I've called. I want to know where I can get '49 and *The Banker's Daughter*. Mr. Snyder, the manager of the Adah Fair company, told me I could get all the information necessary for the procuring of these plays here. Snyder has transacted some business with Mr. Ligon. I believe?"

"Yes, his name sounds familiar, but I don't think I can place him."

Mrs. Ligon then ushered Klaw into the front room of the basement, a plainly furnished apartment. On an imitation black walnut mantelpiece stood a plaster-of-Paris bust of Christ and a similar head of the Virgin Mary. The furniture was rather meagre, but some liking for household decoration was apparent in several pictures that hung on the wall and a box of plants that stood in the window-seat. Lithographs of Alice Dunbar Lingard and Ada Cavendish, in cheap frames, ornamented the room.

"This is my husband," said the lady, introducing a bright young man, somewhat above the medium height. His head was handsome, and was well poised on a stout pair of shoulders. His eyes were black, and had a good-natured twinkle in them. His dress was neat and thoroughly in good taste, and his manner and presence was altogether prepossessing.

Klaw says he found him a clever, genial fellow, well informed in dramatic matters;

an authority upon the equities of plays and playwrights, and an oracle on the success or failure of injunction suits. He took a seat and yawned, complaining that he had been at work all night. The conversation then dwelt upon theatrical topics, and the efforts of the Madison Square Theatre and THE MIRROR to stop dramatic piracy were freely discussed.

"I know that this talk is much exaggerated," said Klaw. "I've just come from the Southern country, and saw some of these very companies that the Madison Square Theatre and THE MIRROR pretend to have exposed or stopped. I think their talk is two thirds bluff, don't you?"

"Of course, Mr. Reynolds," said Ligon; "I agree with you perfectly."

"I wouldn't be afraid to play *Hazel Kirke* myself," said Mr. Klaw. "The only reason I haven't done so is that I don't think there's any money in it."

"I have *Hazel Kirke*, if you want it."

interrupted Mr. Ligon; "and also *The Banker's Daughter*, in case you would like it."

Here Ligon offered "Mr. Reynolds" Forget-Me-Not. "I can't offer any native plays, because I once had my fingers burnt in Chicago," added he.

Klaw thought a moment, and answered that he would take *The Banker's Daughter* and Forget-Me-Not; he didn't know whether Mr. Snyder would take a copy of *Hazel Kirke*, but he would send that gentleman a telegram to Anchorage, Ky., asking his wishes. Mr. Klaw would send Ligon his decision the same afternoon by his treasurer [*The Mirror* reporter.]

"What are these plays worth?" asked Klaw.

At this point the lady arose. "If you two are going to talk business I shall leave the room," and she went out immediately.

"My price is \$10 for each and every manuscript," said Ligon.

Klaw then said he would take Forget-Me-Not and *Banker's Daughter*, and bade the play-thief good morning. The call had lasted just two hours.

Upon Mr. Klaw's return to the Madison Square Theatre he was met by THE MIRROR representative, who received a note addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ligon, informing them that the bearer was most reliable and trustworthy, and instructing them to send "Mr. Reynolds" a list of all the plays they could furnish, as Snyder, his manager, wished to buy all the Eastern successes that could be safely gotten.

About dusk the same day our reporter went down to King street and delivered Klaw's letter to Mrs. Ligon. She asked him Snyder's route, and the newspaper man told her an imaginary list of places through Kentucky. Then Mrs. Ligon sat down and dictated the following reply to Klaw's letter:

Mr. REYNOLDS:

Yours at hand. My husband not being at home at present, it will be impossible for me to give you any further information than what was given to you to-day. I myself offered to give you a copy of "H." on Friday, if convenient to you. I can deliver it into your hands to-morrow afternoon at this time, as I have a copy on hand I had not the least idea of. If you will call I will be able to answer you more fully. I don't think, though, that we have any other plays than those he mentioned, as he does not keep the American manuscripts. He will, though, probably have some foreign plays, so you had better call and see.

Respectfully, L. L.

This letter was written on a plain sheet of paper in pale violet ink, and enclosed in an envelope of Charles Pratt and Sons' Astral Oil establishment—at which place, it is evident, Ligon is employed. The handwriting was cramped and irregular.

By appointment the following Friday afternoon, Mr. Klaw and THE MIRROR reporter ("Mr. Reynolds" and his "treasure") met at the Madison Square Theatre, in Dan Frohman's private office. They held a council as to the best mode of procedure, and finally concluded to go down to King street boldly together. Mrs. Ligon was "at home" to the gentlemen, and a pleasant triangular conversation between the three followed.

In order to find out how thoroughly cognizant Mrs. Ligon was of her wrongdoing, THE MIRROR man feigned never to have seen *Hazel Kirke*, thereby drawing her out most gushingly.

"O, haven't you!" she exclaimed. "Why, it's such a charming play! I sat through it half a dozen times at the Madison Square Theatre to get the business all 'pat.' Just look here at this situation in the third act, and then the lady leaned back comfortably in her rocking-chair and commenced reading Dunstan's lines in a most stagey fashion."

"But aren't you very careful in your sale of plays?" interrupted THE MIRROR reporter. "Have you no fear lest you sell a piece to the wrong party?"

"Oh trust me that! Mr. Reynolds will testify that I am pretty cuts in these matters, and it isn't everybody who can do business with me. He will tell you it's no easy matter to get in here."

Reynolds bowed his head in acquiescence, and acknowledged that the lady was most prudent, and that only the chosen few ever got a glimpse into this "Holy of Holies." A few more discreet questions by Klaw and THE MIRROR man served to draw her ladyship out most profusely on the all-absorbing subject of herself, and while she was thus engrossed, the reporter quietly skimmed over the leaves of Mrs. Ligon's scrap-book, which lay on a table near at hand, and gleaned some interesting facts regarding her past history.

She was formerly an actress. Under the name of Adelina Gasparini she appeared as Juliet at the Lyceum (Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre) June 8, 1876. We remember her very well as a particularly bad actress. She was then under the management of Frank L. Yerance, and Clinton Hall was her leading man. Her biography can be found in the *Clipper*, published about the time of her New York debut. After this she seems to have remained quiet until she found Joseph H. Keene, playing *Hazel Kirke* with him on May 10, 1880, and continuing under his management for two months. She is now nineteen years of age, but looks older. She was instructed for the stage by an English elocutionist named Fanny Hunt. At one time Mrs. Ligon was known as Estelle Bianchi.

While our reporter was getting these points, Mr. Klaw and the unsuspecting lady were engaged in earnest conversation.

"Well," said Klaw, "I am ready to take *Gus Williams* and his able adjoint, John Hickaby, are at loggerheads concerning the merits of the former's new show, *Wanted, A Carpenter*. *Gus* thinks millions in it, while *John* says there's not a thousand in it if it is kept on the road. Consequently they have *supposedly* *Gus* is out a good manager.

Hazel Kirke," and he handed Mrs. Ligon a \$20 bill.

"Will you trust my sister to go out and get this money changed?" she asked, laughingly. "Certainly," said Klaw. In a few moments the sister returned and handed Klaw the money.

Then THE MIRROR representative witnessed this transaction: Klaw paid Mrs. Ligon ten dollars, consisting of a five dollar bank-note and five silver dollars, which she received with thanks and returned him a *Ms. of Hazel Kirke*, along with a note bearing the name of the correct stage-setting.

The play was in the same hands as the note Klaw had received from the woman.

"Now that this is settled, what other pieces can you give me?" THE MIRROR reporter inquired.

"*The Banker's Daughter*, *M'liss*, *Falstaff*, *A Celebrated Case*, *Musette*—in fact, almost any plays, copyrighted or otherwise, that you may happen to want. If I can't procure them for you myself, a gentleman in Chicago, with whom I am in correspondence, can furnish them. I have an agent in London, too, who supplies *Tom Maguire* and *Samwin* with the English editions. He has got all the London pieces fresh. Call upon when you need my services."

Klaw and THE MIRROR reporter then left the house, having got all the proofs of the manner in which these people transact business, and the evidence of the

PROVINCIAL.

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

Company 26th. Gardner's Legion of Honor 27th and 28th.

Academy of Music (John D. Mishler, manager): Julia Hunt in Florinel to light business 19th and 20th. Our Goblins to light house 22d.

SHENANDOAH. Academy of Music (P. J. Ferguson, proprietor): Julia A. Hunt in Florinel, 21st and 22d, to fair business; the audience testified their appreciation by complimentary calls before the curtain. Holmes' Comic Opera company, 23d and 24th, to poor house; company fair.

TITONVILLE.

Parshall Opera House (James Parshall, proprietor): Charlotte Thompson in The Planter's Wife, 20th, to a fair house, and gave general satisfaction. Haverly's New Mastodons, 22d, as usual drew a good house. Mr. and Mrs. Florence, 28th.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music (Wm. G. Elliott, proprietor): Aldrich and Paraso, 20th, to a large audience. All The Rage, 20th, to big business.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT.

Bell's Opera House (Henry Bell, manager): The Boyleson Star company gave a fair show to fair business, 22d. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight in Baron Rudolph, 23d, to fair business.

FAWTUCK ST.

Music Hall (C. F. Fisk, manager): The Two Orphans with Kate Claxton, Charles Stevenson and Marie Wilkins 21st, to good business. The Knights 24th to light business; performance exceptionally good.

PROVIDENCE.

Opera House (George Hackett, manager): Kate Claxton and company did a fair business the latter part of last week. This week Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight.

Low's Opera House (William H. Low, Jr., manager): Anna Dickinson, Jan. 2; Edwin Booth, 3d and 4th.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins and Morrow, managers): An excellent run of business repays the managers' efforts to please. An especially attractive bill is offered for this week.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.

Owens' Academy of Music (John M. Barron, manager): Jossey gave a concert, 19th, to a crowded audience. Signor Rossi appeared 20th and 21st, as Hamlet and King Lear, to very poor houses; he is a great actor, but the natives here don't like anything mixed. Fred. Warde, 20th, 20th and 21st.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.

Loubie's Theatre (Jos. Brooks, manager): Genevieve Ward made her first appearance in Fergie-Me-Not 15th and continued balance of week. She was very favorably received, and created a lasting impression. She was well supported. Business was not large on account of inclement weather.

NASHVILLE.

Masonic Theatre (J. O. Milson, manager): Sol Smith Russell, 19th, 20th, 21st, to good business. Madison Square Theatre company in Hazel Kirks, 22d, 23d, 24th, to crowded houses. Sam'l of Paon for 20th.

Grand Opera House (Milson, Brooks and Dickson, managers): Hico's Evangeline to good houses, 20th and 21st. Nothing billed next week. Owing to the loose management existing at this house previously, it seems to have lost its popularity with the theatre-going public.

TEXAS.

BRENTWOOD.

Grand Opera House (A. Meyer, manager): Adah Gray company have failed to comply with their contract to play here. They were booked for 19th. Manager Meyer informs me he has heard nothing from them.

GALVESTON.

Tremont Opera House (L. E. Spenser, manager): Fay Templeton, 26th, 27th and 28th. Lawrence Barrett, 29th. Business thus far this season has been very encouraging.

HOUSTON.

Gray's Opera House (S. S. Ashe, manager): Morton's Big Four Minstrels, 16th, and 17th; business bad; performance only fair. Fay Templeton, 29th.

Pilot's Opera House (E. Pilot, manager): Lawrence Barrett, 26th, 27th and 28th; nearly every seat has been sold already.

WISCONSIN.

BELoit.

Goodwin's Opera House (S. J. Goodwin & Son, proprietors): Anthony and Ellis' H. D., 20th, to good house; entertainment lively.

JANESVILLE.

Myer's Opera House (C. E. Moseley, manager): The J. A. Simons Comedy company opened for a week's engagement, 20th, playing The Female Detective; Fate, or Won at Last, 21st, and owing to very poor business closed 22d with Miss, a piracy of Annie Pixley's play.

MADISON.

Opera House (George Burroughs, proprietor): A fair audience greeted the Abbott Opera company in The Bohemian Girl, 22d; the opera, although one not calculated to bring out Miss Abbott's powers to the utmost, still was presented to the critical audience in a manner highly pleasing.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (J. N. Nunnemacher, manager): Emma Abbott, 19th, 20th and 21st, to packed house; Emma is a great favorite here. Fun on the Bristol closed the week to a light business.

Academy of Music (Henry Deakin, manager): Captain Bogardus, assisted by a few specialists, opened to a very light business, 21st, and continued four nights.

CANADA.

HAMILTON.

Grand Opera House (J. R. Spackman, manager): Rooms to Rent to a fair house, 19th. Miss Malley in Uncle Daniel, 20th; business good. Miss Eyttinge in Felicia, 21st, to a large and fashionable audience. Bartley Campbell's Fairies, 22d; first-class performance, to average house. B., W. P. & W. drew a crowded house 23d.

Academy of Music (Joseph Kneeshaw, manager): Comley Barton's Patience de Gattes, 24th.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Academy of Music (A. G. Brown, manager): Miss Eyttinge in Felicia 20th to mod-

erate business. B. McAuley in A Messenger from Jarvis Section 21st amused a good audience.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House (O. B. Sheppard, manager): Comley and Barton's Opera company in Patience 19th to 21st to very good business. Miss Eyttinge in Felicia 22d to 24th to good business. George Fawcett Rowe and company 26th, week.

Royal Opera House (J. C. Conner, manager): Fannie Louise Buckingham in Mazeppa week of 19th to very fair houses. Re-engagement of this company in East Lynne and The Child Stealer 26th to 28th. Minnie Estelle in Fanchon balance of week.

GERMANY.

STRASBURG.

Dec. 5, 1881.

Sarah Bernhardt always Sarah Bernhardt. At Vienna they have but lately not only applauded with frenzy this great artiste, but have worked themselves up to a pitch of astonishment at seeing that she played only in roles which ended with a death.

"This Sarah," says the satirical journal, Kikeriki, "gained a livelihood by dying!" Later on we find "She dies, sometimes as La Dame aux Camélias, sometimes as Adrienne Lecourre, sometimes as the Sohini, sometimes as Frou-Frou, so much in fact that only one day in each week is left for counting the money that death bring her." From Vienna Sarah went to Russia where she was also received with ovations as an artiste, but where the anti-Semitic agitation caused her some disagreeable moments as may be judged by her experience in Odessa, thus reported by the newspapers. "Yesterday evening after the representation by Mlle Bernhardt, six thousand people placed themselves along the route by which she would return to her hotel, and surrounded her carriage crying out: 'Long live the French artiste! To death with the Jewess!' etc. A bouquet of flowers was thrown into the carriage; this signified triumph, but it was accompanied by cucumbers which signified hatred. Finally stones were thrown and the windows of the carriage broken, and Mme. Guerard was struck and badly hurt. M. Jarrett received some splinters of glass in his eyes and the coachman was wounded. Mlle Bernhardt, however, escaped unharmed." Here is something taken from the *Affiches de Strasbourg* which hardly agrees with the accounts given by the American papers: "The two concerts given by Mme. Patti in New York have netted, in spite of the empty places caused by the exorbitant price of seats, about 65,000 francs (over \$12,000). Such enthusiastic audiences as welcomed her had never been seen in New York; there were salves of applause which lasted five minutes, hurrahs, shouts, flowers brought by the carriage full, not only in the form of bouquets, but also made into harps, horseshoes, crowns and terrestrial or celestial globes, some of which surpassed in size the head of the happy but agitated diva."

An accident, which might have been followed by the gravest consequences, has just happened to Madame Galli Marie, while playing Carmen last Saturday (Nov. 26) at the Grand Theatre of Geneva. In the last scene, where Don Jose poisons Carmen, the tenor, carried away by the situation, struck Mad. Galli-Marie full in the face with his dagger. On a recall after a fall of the curtain, the artiste returned to our ears, and speedily escaped in the darkness. Shaking his fist at our receding pursuer, one of my comrades laughingly remarked:

"Fire at Walter Harrison here. I wasn't born to be killed by a Yankee bullet!" Four weeks from that day I saw him lying dead in front of a deserted house near Centreville, and took from his breast the last letter he had received from his sister in Maryland. He had been killed in an idle picket fight.

I had been chiefly instrumental in organizing from among my comrades of the Baltimore City Guard a full company for the Southern service, and was encouraged to believe that I should be Major of the First Confederate Maryland Regiment, and on other important incidents of the opening of the war in Maryland I had rendered my cause good service, and that fact had been widely recognized and admitted.

My expectations were, however, disappointed, and declining, as too inactive for my spirit, the position of quarter-master of the regiment, I became at the suggestion of my friend, Edward R. Pollard, the Southern historian, a writer on the Richmond *Examiner*, then and up to the surrender of Richmond, a very able and active antagonist of the administration of Jefferson Davis. Within a month I had quarreled with its famous editor, John M. Daniel, upon a point of professional etiquette, and declining all attempts at smoothing over my resentment, had associated myself with the Richmond *Enquirer*, then the official organ of the Confederate Government, as editorial writer, congressional reporter, and occasional war correspondent.

It was whilst acting in this latter capacity with General Walter H. Jenifer in West Virginia, after an adventurous career of eighteen months, that I was "gobbled" near the Kanawha River by a detachment of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, and sent to Baltimore. The exchange of non-combatants being not in order, General John A. Dix, then in command of that department, was induced by certain influential friends of mine to release me upon my parole. "Not to return South unless exchanged; nor to hold treasonable correspondence with the enemy; nor to give aid or comfort to them." One year later this last clause brought down upon me the wrath of the Government and a smile of fortune.

Meantime my position was exceedingly painful and embarrassing. I was absolutely without any means of support other than my pen could supply. This was precarious work, and many times compelled me to listen with anxious heart for that most terrible of earthly menaces, "The wolf at the door."

Returning home, one more than usually anxious day, I found my young wife in tears. My apprehensions at once assumed the then familiar form of personal peril, and mastering my agitation, I enquired what had happened. "Nothing," was the reply, "but I have been reading a most touching story."

"What is its name?" "East Lynne, and I think it will make a great play."

The story was then being published for the first time in America in the columns of the Baltimore *Weekly Sun*, and impressed with its power, I repaired to the office of the paper to consult its editor, the late Thomas J. Beach, upon the subject of its dramatization.

Beach was an Englishman, and had been a bad actor of "heavy" parts. But he was also a gentleman, and a man of rare intelli-

gence. He was rescued from oblivion by an occurrence which made three memorable reputations. This was the Stewart murder, one of the causes celebres of American criminal practice, and was immortalized by Charles Dickens in his American notes.

Albani is expected with some impatience to Berlin, where she has an engagement shortly at the Royal Opera House.

How East Lynne Came to be Dramatized.

BY CLIFTON W. TAYLOR.

Sumter had fallen!

The streets of Baltimore had been flecked with fraternal blood; and the 19th of April had acquired renewed historic interest as the baptismal day of a second American "Rebelion," which was to shake the world.

At the time of these fatal occurrences I was scratching for a livelihood in the triple capacity of a young lawyer, sub-editor and special correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*. Thomas J. Beach was the reporter, and shared with his paper the celebrity of the innovation. Stuart was convicted upon evidence which should have sent him to the gallows, and sentenced for life to the Maryland penitentiary, where he died nineteen years later, asserting to the last his innocence. He owed his escape from the gallows to the eloquence, courage and legal ability of a young lawyer from Frederick City, Maryland, named William J. Preston, who voluntarily undertook his defence, and who thereafter was known as one of the greatest of criminal lawyers.Mr. A. S. Abell, the founder of the *Baltimore Sun*, and originator of the penny press of America, was originally a compositor on the old *Courier and Enquirer* of this city, when its office stood on Wall street. Mr. Abell one day confided his dream of a penny newspaper to two fellow-workmen of his, G. W. Kendall and Swain of Philadelphia. Each of these three became the founders of prosperous journals—Kendall of the *New Orleans Picayune*, Swain of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and Abell of the *Sun*. The two former died millionaires. Mr. Abell yet lives and is said to be the richest journalist in the world; Mr. Beach filled the editorial chair of the *Sun* for twenty-seven years, and died in harness in 1864. He left in "recognition of their friendship" a written request that, if possible, four personal friends of his should accompany his remains to the cemetery. The four who complied with this melancholy posthumous remembrance were W. J. Preston, John E. Owens, John T. Ford and the writer hereof.

Travel to Richmond was, in August '61, possible but by one route, the "underground" route. It might more appropriately have been called the "underwater" route, for the journey had to be performed afoot the best part of the way, and both Maryland and Virginia had been nearly flooded by recent Spring freshets. However, we reached Richmond at last, after an extremely toilsome and hazardous journey of nine days. Crossing the Potomac near Pope's Creek in an open boat on the rainy night for which we had waited and prayed, we attracted the attention and the fire of a gunboat in the vicinity. We bent to our oars, and speedily escaped in the darkness. Shaking his fist at our receding pursuer, one of my comrades laughingly remarked:

"Fire at Walter Harrison here. I wasn't born to be killed by a Yankee bullet!" Four weeks from that day I saw him lying dead in front of a deserted house near Centreville, and took from his breast the last letter he had received from his sister in Maryland. He had been killed in an idle picket fight.

I had been chiefly instrumental in organizing from among my comrades of the Baltimore City Guard a full company for the Southern service, and was encouraged to believe that I should be Major of the First Confederate Maryland Regiment, and on other important incidents of the opening of the war in Maryland I had rendered my cause good service, and that fact had been widely recognized and admitted.

My expectations were, however, disappointed, and declining, as too inactive for my spirit, the position of quarter-master of the regiment, I became at the suggestion of my friend, Edward R. Pollard, the Southern historian, a writer on the Richmond *Examiner*, then and up to the surrender of Richmond, a very able and active antagonist of the administration of Jefferson Davis. Within a month I had quarreled with its famous editor, John M. Daniel, upon a point of professional etiquette, and declining all attempts at smoothing over my resentment, had associated myself with the Richmond *Enquirer*, then the official organ of the Confederate Government, as editorial writer, congressional reporter, and occasional war correspondent.

It was whilst acting in this latter capacity with General Walter H. Jenifer in West Virginia, after an adventurous career of eighteen months, that I was "gobbled" near the Kanawha River by a detachment of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, and sent to Baltimore. The exchange of non-combatants being not in order, General John A. Dix, then in command of that department, was induced by certain influential friends of mine to release me upon my parole. "Not to return South unless exchanged; nor to hold treasonable correspondence with the enemy; nor to give aid or comfort to them." One year later this last clause brought down upon me the wrath of the Government and a smile of fortune.

Meantime my position was exceedingly painful and embarrassing. I was absolutely without any means of support other than my pen could supply. This was precarious work, and many times compelled me to listen with anxious heart for that most terrible of earthly menaces, "The wolf at the door."

Returning home, one more than usually anxious day, I found my young wife in tears. My apprehensions at once assumed the then familiar form of personal peril, and mastering my agitation, I enquired what had happened. "Nothing," was the reply, "but I have been reading a most touching story."

"What is its name?" "East Lynne, and I think it will make a great play."

The story was then being published for the first time in America in the columns of the Baltimore *Weekly Sun*, and impressed with its power, I repaired to the office of the paper to consult its editor, the late Thomas J. Beach, upon the subject of its dramatization.

Beach was an Englishman, and had been a bad actor of "heavy" parts. But he was also a gentleman, and a man of rare intelli-

gence, and I adhered to it with scrupulous honesty. Upon my sideboard, within sight of where I write, is a costly service of silver. I value it less as a gift from Lucille Western than as a recognition of my fidelity to principle, which in this connection shrank not from asserting itself at the point of a pistol and at the peril of my life.

I have, since the original production of the first *East Lynne*, written three others—one for Mrs. D. P. Bowers, entitled *Lady Isabel of East Lynne*, produced in Baltimore in 1863, with John T. Raymond, George F. Devere, J. A. Herne, O. S. Fawcett and Marie Bates in the cast. A third version adapted from Miss Multon (but seven years anterior to Mr. Cawson's adaptation) I produced in Buffalo, September 22, 1871, under the title of *Isabel's Expiation*, with that best of domestic actresses, Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau (for whom it was written), as the heroine, and Frank Mordaunt, the best of general actors, in the opposite role. The fourth and latest version I wrote for Mrs. Chanfrau, and produced last season.

"Tis a practical, though unpleasing compliment to the superiority of this latter work, that a very general disposition has already been shown to abandon the old and well-plundered version and to "adopt" in its stead the newest one.

The production of *East Lynne* seems the low water mark of my fortunes, or rather misfortunes. Shortly after that time I became editor of the *Baltimore Evening Transcript*, started by General William Nelson and myself. It was prospering finely, when through inadvertence a five-line paragraph to the effect that the ten days' fighting under Grant from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania had resulted in a Federal loss of "not less than 70,000 in killed, wounded and missing," was wrongly credited to the Associated Press. This error, though traced to the *Philadelphia Sunday Mercury*, was held to be in violation of my parole, and I was promptly served with the following notice from the military headquarters:HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE DEPARTMENT
EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.
BALTIMORE, May 15, 1864.M. C. W. TAYLOR.
Sir—You are ordered to discontinue the publication of the *Evening Transcript*.

If another issue of the paper makes its appearance the publishing office will be taken possession of and the parties connected with it be arrested.

(Signed) LEW WALLACE,
Maj. Gen. Com'g Md. Dep't.

A Buffalo Incident.

Buffalo is a city that professionals approach with dread—not that her people are unappreciative, but because they are considered the most frigid and stoical of any city in the Union. It is almost deemed a violation of politeness or a breach of etiquette to applaud in a theatre, and there are self-appointed censors in every Buffalo audience who testify their disapproval of applause by hissing. A few evenings since one of these worthies got a rather unsavory *quid pro quo* for his officious interference in the vocal liberties of a son of Erin, who happened to be carried away by the interesting features of *My Partner*, which was as usual being admirably played by Aldrich and Parsloe. In the scene where Joe Saunders is accused of murdering his partner, Ned, the absorbed Hibernian, yelled out: "He didn't do it!" and gave vent to other exclamations equally enthusiastic as the scenes progressed. One of the Buffalo aesthetes near him rather positively suggested that he "was a blanked fool and had better shut up," which the easy-mannered left forthwith did; and the balance of the evening he manifested his appreciation by stuffing his handkerchief in his mouth and holding himself down in his seat by sheer moral force. But when the performance ended he laid for the aesthete in the lobby, and thrashed him within an inch of his aesthetic existence. The poor fellow, however, was arrested and mulcted in five dollars for his fun next morning.

Quashed.

Some time in June last William F. G. Shanks, of the Tribune, indicted the then ringleader of "the gang" for libel in a Brooklyn court. He gave bail, which proved to be bogus, and in fear of having the fact exposed the bondsmen surrendered him, and he had to hire good bondsmen. Meantime, in retaliation, "the gang" made a complaint against Mr. Shanks for part of an article published by him, which, if not true, was the grossest libel ever uttered against any man. But "the gang" evidently had no intention to do anything more, but let the matter drop. On Friday last Mr. Shanks, tired of this inaction, went before the Grand Jury in this city, and insisted that he should either be indicted for the whole article, or that the complaint be dismissed. The Grand Jury, on learning who the complainant was, and recalling that they had only a few days before indicted him for embezzlement, refused to indict Mr. Shanks, and summarily voted to dismiss the complaint before Mr. Shanks could get out of hearing. The two indictments against the head of "the gang" are to be tried next month in Brooklyn.

International Protection for Plays.

(New York Herald.)

The movement started by some of our dramatists to secure international protection for plays has a good end in view, but whether it will meet with any success in the near future is another question. Authors have suffered far more than dramatists from lack of such protection for their literary property, and yet the efforts of half a century for international copyright have resulted in nothing but failure. It is true that foreign dramatists now have, by virtue of the common law, the exclusive right of representing their manuscript plays in this country, and American dramatists may acquire corresponding rights in England. Nevertheless in neither country do foreign plays receive that protection which might and should be extended to them. One curious and absurd aspect of the law as it now stands is, that neither an English nor an American dramatist can have any exclusive rights in a manuscript dramatic or musical composition in England unless the piece is first produced in that country. When Boucicault went to London with *The Shaughraun* in the full tide of its success, he found that he had lost all his English rights in the drama simply because it was first brought out in New York. It was for this reason that Gilbert and Sullivan gave a nominal performance of the *Pirates* at an obscure town on the South Devon coast before presenting the piece to a New York audience. The operation of this principle practically bars American dramatists from protection in England, for, as a matter of fact, their plays are first put upon the stage in this country. This absurd rule needs to be abolished, and better protection against piracy should be given to native as well as foreign dramatists in both countries.

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